THE

MERRY MISCELLANY:

OR,

HUMOUROUS COMPANION.

Containing a moſt agreeable variety of

Drollery,

(viz.)

Remarkable Jeſts,	Strange Adventures,
Smart Repartees,	Comical Quibbles,
Excellent Humbuggs,	Iriſh Bulls,
Pleaſant Stories,	Engliſh Proverbs, &c.

Collected from the moſt Sprightly WIT's of of the laſt and preſent Age; without any Mixture of Inſipid Tales, Bare Jeſts, and Inſignificant Stories; a great part of which Work never yet appear'd before.

To baniſh GRIEF *and ſoften* Care,
To read theſe Witty JESTS *repair;*
They'l eaſe the Breaſt were Spleen reſides,
And make the reader ſplit his ſides:
In fine (without a long Naration)
Here's WIT *enough to ſtock a Nation*

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(Price Six-Pence.)

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE
DEDICATION.

To John a Nokes, *and* John a Stiles,
At which methinks the Reader Smiles!
—— *From what I further have to ſay,*
If he don't Laugh, the Winner *may.*

ACCORDING to the account of Meſſieurs Conundrum and Carywitchet, the above mention'd Gentlemen are Prieſts of the Litigious Order, in the Iſle of Perfidy; to whom then can I Inſcribe theſe Lucubrations with ſo much Propriety, as to theſe Reverend Fathers? more eſpecially as I have made choice of them for my Father Confeſſors! and when I inform them of my motive for the preſent Publication, I doubt not but that I ſhall gain Credit if not merit Abſolution. I could produce a variety of Reaſons from the Literari of the laſt and preſent Age, for the Publication of a great many Polite Pieces, with which the World is favour'd; One with great Gravity tells us, it's for the Benefit of Mankind in general; tho' perhaps not one in Ten Thouſand ever read a line he has wrote! Another to Inform the Judgment, Correct the Manners, &c. &c. A Third at the ſolicitation of his Friends, to amuſe and entertain the Public.

lic, and perhaps, to prevent a Surreptitious Copy falling into the Hands of a certain Quidnunc, and Man-Midwife, who on the Death of the late Duncan Campbell, hung a Mirror at his Door and ſet up for a Conjuror.

I Hope you'll believe me when in the Ample Confeſſion I am going to make, I ingeniouſly Confeſs to you, Reverend Fathers, that my only motive for this Publication, is no other, than that of getting an Honeſt Penny! but whether I gain Credit with you or not, I am fully perſwaded, there's not one in a Thouſand of the whole Community, but what will ſincerely believe that I ſpeak the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth. If any one ſhould accuſe me of Pilfering, and Pyracy, I muſt beg leave to tell him, I have Nineteen out of Twenty, of my Bretheren of the Craft, between Temple-Bar, and London Bridge to keep me in Countenance.

I fancy, I have not any thing to apprehend from Cenſure, as the Reviewers are not only my very good Friends, but large Dealers in Conundrums as well as myſelf; and as Mr. POPE, is now no more, I don't fear being Hooted at, by his Owls, in Dr. WARBURTON's next Edition of the Dunciad.

THE MERRY MISCELLANY.

The *Floriſt* and the *Bull-bull*. †

An Oriental FABLE.

A *Floriſt*, particularly Curious in Roſes, had in his Garden a fine Row of the Buſhes that bear that Flower, on one of them grew a Roſe ſingularly Beautiful, which captivated a *Bull-bull* who fluttered round it, and made love to it. The inanimate *Roſe* making no Return to his Careſſes, he at length grew enraged, tore it to pieces, and ſtrewed the Ground with it's bluſhing Leaves. The Floriſt incenſed at this Treatment of his favourite Flower, in Revenge ſpread a Net, and took the *Bull-bull* captive; who finding itſelf in the Snare, thus expoſtulated with the *Floriſt*. "How "can you uſe me ſo cruelly? do not I

A chearfully

† A Bird of Song much valued in the Eaſt, of the Size of a Nightingale.

" chearfully repay you for the Harbour " which your Garden affords me, with the " Muſic of my Song? What harm, replied the *Floriſt*, had that *Roſe* done to you, that you treated it ſo deſpitefully? ---- He releaſed however his little Priſoner; who as ſoon he he had regained his Freedom, ſhook his Wings, and perched on the Bough of a neighbouring Tree, from whence he thus addreſted the *Floriſt*, " A good Action " ſhould never go without it's Reward. Dig " at the Foot of that Orange Tree, and you " will find a Treaſure." He did ſo and found one. Upon which he turned to the Warbler, and thanking him, aſked him, how he who had Eyes ſo penetrating as to diſcover a Treaſure buried in the Earth, could av id ſeeing a Net over his Head, Know O Man! replied the *Bull-bull*, that there is no eſcaping the Hand of Deſtiny; what muſt be, muſt be.

In a Company where ſome Gentlemen and Ladies where playing at Compariſons, an agreeable young Lady was likened to a Repeater. *Fontenelle* coming in. ſhe appealed to him for the propriety of the Reſemblance. *Madam*, ſays he, *I find a very great difference: A Repeater makes us remember the Hours, but you make us forget them.*

A Soldier

A Soldier, who was ſadly troubled with the Cholick, ſtopped near a Hedge to untruſs a Point. A General going that Way at the ſame Time, and being offended at the ſtrong Smell *You Raſcal*, ſays he, *what a Stink do you make! No Wonder General*, anſwer'd he, *do you think a* Man *can ſh--t* Muſk *with Six pence a Day?* The General was ſo pleaſed with this Repartee, that he gave him a Guinea to buy Muſk with.

A Highwayman ſtopped a Gentleman upon *Hounſlow-heath*, and robbed him of fifty pounds; upon which the Gentleman told him, that this would be a good eaſy way of getting Money, if there was no Law againſt it. *God forbid, Sir, there ſhould not*, ſays the Highwayman, *elſe there would be too many of the Trade, for an inluſtrious Man to live by it.*

That great Divine of ſingular ſupereminent Holineſs, Dr. *H. Hammond*, would ſay, that *no Burden is more heavy, nor Temptation more dangerous, than to have* Time *lye on ones Hands.*

One being aſk'd why he married ſo little a Wife? anſwer'd, *Of all the Evils he would chuſe the leaſt.*

An *Indian* of *Peru*, who had loſt a Horſe, diſcovered after diligent Search, that a *Spaniard* had ſtolen it: he complained to the Magiſtrate of the Place, and the Parties were ordered to Appear; when the *Spaniard* offering to Swear that the Horſe was his own, the poor *Indian* was on the Point of loſing his Cauſe; but ſuddenly throwing a Cloak over the Horſe's head, he ſaid to the *Spaniard*, *If it be truly your* Horſe, *you can ſurely tell of which Eye he is blind:* the *Spaniard* after ſome heſitation, and depending, at leaſt, on the Chance of the Gueſs, ſaid it was the Left. *May it pleaſe your Worſhip*, ſays the *Indian*, taking the Cloak off, *he is blind of neither.* The Judge perceiving the Roguery of the *Spaniard*, and admiring the accuteneſs of the *Indian*, ordered the Horſe to be reſtored to him, with coſts of Suit, and committed the Thief to Priſon.

An *Italian* (Ligurian) Soldier having got drunk in *Genoa*, and Prince *Doria* going a Horſeback one Night to walk the Round, the Cup-ſhotten Soldier took his Horſe by the Bridle, and aſk'd what the Price of him was, he wanting a Horſe. The Prince taking Notice in what a Humour he was, cauſed him to be taken into an Houſe, and put to Sleep; and in the Morning having

ſent

ſent for him, aſked him what he would give for his Horſe? Sir ſaid the recovered Soldier, *The Merchant that wauld have bought him Yeſternight of your Highneſs, went away betimes in the Morning.*

As the ever renowned General *Monk* was coming along through *England* (in his March from *Scotland*,) he Model'd his Army and the ſeveral Garriſons he paſſed by, to a Frame ſubſervient to his own. and his Country's Wiſh. This, *Henry Martin* obſerving, bluntly intimated to him thus. That a Gentleman met a Man travelling on the Way with Carpenters Tools upon his Back, aſk'd him what he was to do with thoſe Inſtruments; who replied, *to make a Suit of Cloaths. Thoſe*, ſaid the Gentleman *are Tools unlikely for that purpoſe. Anſwerably* (ſaid Martin) *my Lord, if you were about eſtabliſhing a* Common-Wealth, *you make Uſe of ſtrange Tools. Alas!* ſaid the noble General, (putting him handſomely by) *Inſtruments move at the Impulſe of the chief Cauſe.*

An *Iriſhman* quartering at the *three Queens* in *Burton upon Trent*, had a very good *India* Handkerchief which the Landlady aſk'd him to give her, *Arrah Fait*, cries Teague *I wou'd not part with it upon any Account, I bought it in* Kilkenny, *my* Siſter *gave it me.*

That famous Civilian *Dr. Dale*, being employed to *Flanders*, by *Queen Elizabeth*, ſent in a Packet to the *Secretary* of *State*, two Letters, one to the *Queen*, the other to his *Wife*; but that which was ment for the *Queen*, ſuperſcribed to his dear *Wife*; and that to his *Wife*, to her moſt excellent Majeſty. So that the *Queen* having opened his Letter, ſhe found it begin with *Sweetheart*, and afterwards with *my Dear*, and *dear Love*, with ſuch like Expreſſions, acquainting her with the State of his Body and that he began to want Money. You may gueſs what Motions of Mirth this Miſtake raiſed. But the Doctor by this Overſight, or rather Cunningneſs, got a Supply of Money.

A Gentleman happening to be in Company at a *Tavern*, and ſitting with his Leg indolently placed upon a Chair, one obſerved that if he had ſuch a bad Leg, he ſhould not be ſo fond of ſhewing it: Sir ſays the Colonel, I will lay you a Treat of five Guineas that there is a worſe in the Company; the Gentleman imagining himſelf ſtruck at, cried, *done*, upon which the Colonel produced from under the Table a Leg yet more Gouty, and Diſtorted then its fellow.

A Welchman

A Welchman offering his Service to a Gentleman, was aſked by him weather he underſtood Hawking, and being unwilling to loſe a Place for want of making pretentions, anſwer'd that he did, and was accordingly Entertained. The firſt Day that his Maſter and he went out upon the Sport, he was accordingly ordered to fly the Hawk, which he immediately did, but without unhooding him. This the Gentlemen had not obſerved, but on the Hawk's not returning to the perch, he began to fret, and ſaid, "I do not think the Hawk will return to Night." *Troth* ſays the *Welchman, Nor I neither, for hur has taken hur Night-cap with hur.*

Patrick Mac' Grumble, an *Iriſh* Servant being ſent by his Maſter to fetch his Horſe from Graſs, he, not being willing to loſe Ground, waded up to his A--ſe in a River to get to him; the Horſe being of the Welch Breed, and very Ruſty, was unwilling to let *Teague* catch him, 'till at laſt he brought him Home, and was very earneſt in Soliciting his Maſter to go to the ground to ſee the new Way he had found out; and withall, that he caught him by the hind Leg. After he had put him into the Stable, he was order'd to Saddle and bring

bring him out, which he did, but with the Crupper in his Mouth, and the pummel of the Saddle towards the Tail.

A *Parliament-Man* coming late to little St. *Bartholomew's* Church in *London*, and wanting Room to ſit, a Gentleman there ſpoke to a Woman to give Place to a *Parliament-Man* to ſit in her Seat. To whom ſhe made anſwer, *If he be one of the* Parliament *let him ſtand now, for they have ſate long enough.*

As *Tom Brown* was ſitting at Table with another Gentleman, who ſpeaking of the Fair Sex in general, affirm'd that there was not one honeſt Woman among them all. *If it be ſo replied Tom, one of theſe two Things muſt neceſſarily follow; you muſt either be a Cuckold, and a Son of a Whore, or you have told a Lie.*

Drunkenneſs is a ſhort Alienation of the Mind of Man, a voluntary Madneſs; my Lord *Burleigh* prettily and ſuitably to this matter, ſays, that a Serving-man being taken tardy therein, is thereby doubly divorced from himſelf. For, being firſt Sober, he is not his own Maſter, and being Drunk, he falls ſhort by two Degrees.

The

A Youth ſtanding by whilſt his Father was at Play, obſerved him to loſe a great deal of Money, he burſt into Tears: his Father aſk'd him the reaſon why he wept? *Oh, Sir, I have heard that* Alexander the Great *wept when he heard his Father* Philip *had conquer'd a great many Towns, Cities, and Countrys, fearing that he would leave him nothing to win; but I wept the contrary Way, fearing you will leave me nothing to loſe.*

Three young conceited Wits, as they thought themſelves, paſſing along the Road near *Oxford*, met a grave old Gentleman, with whom they had a mind to be rudely merry: Good Morrow, Father *Abraham*, ſaid one: Good-Morrow, Father *Iſaac*, ſaid the next: Good-Morrow, Father *Jacob*, cry'd the laſt. *I am neither* Abraham, Iſaac, *nor* Jacob, reply'd the old Gentleman, *but* Saul, the *Son of* Kiſh, *who went out to ſeek his Father's Aſſes, and lo! here I have found them.*

A Tinker crying for Work, one aſked him why he did not ſtop the two holes in the pillory, ſays the Tinker, if you'll lend me your Head and Ears, I will find you Hammer Nails, and Workmanſhip into the the Bargain

A *Welſh* Shentleman being at great Fair, where there was a Mew of Hawks to be Sold, and obſerving that divers Knights and others went in and gave Three Pounds, Five Pounds, or Ten Pounds, for a Bird, thought it was the Faſhion for Gentlemen to buy thoſe kind of Fowl, and ſeeing on one ſide of the Room an Owl ſet more majeſtically than the reſt (which was only kept there for Hawks meat) demanded of the Owner, *what was the Price of hur?* The *Faulkener*, perceiving his Simplicity, aſk'd him five Pounds: *Ear, ear was hur money, put hur hither*, and as ſoon as he had her in his hand, he twiſts off her Neck, and took her to his Man, ſaying. *Coe, coe, carry hur home to hur Landlady, pid hur treſs hur for Tinner. hur can eat a cood Tiſh as well as the peſt on hur.*

Fond Wives, ſaid one, do by their Huſbands as barren Wives do by their Lap Dogs, cram them with Sweetmeats, 'till they cloy their Stomachs.

A certain Country Squire aſk'd a *Merry Andrew*, Why he play'd the Fool? For the ſame Reaſon ſaid he, that you do: out of *Want: you do it for* Want *of Wit, I do it for* Want *of Money.*

Some

A Countryman ſtanding to look at the curious *Wax-work* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, was aſk'd by a Lady who obſerved him, how he ſhou'd like one of thoſe Ladies for a Bedfellow? *Wounds*, anſwer'd he, *for all ſhe looks ſo woundly fine now ſhe his dreſt, when ſhe comes to pluck off her* Paint *and her* Patches, *and her* find Clothes *to come to Bed, ſhe perhaps may look as ugly as you do, forſooth.* This Reply ſo daſh'd the Lady, that ſhe went away bluſhing at her own Imperfections.

A poor Man, who had a termagant Wife, after a long Diſpute, in which ſhe was reſolved to have the laſt Word, told her if ſhe ſpoke one crooked Word more, he'd beat her brains out: *Why then*, Rams-horns *you Rougue, if I die for't.*

Two Sailors being in Company together, were converſing of the Danger of Rocks in the Ocean. *D—n my Eyes Jack* ſays one *that* Rock *on the Straights of* Ludgate *deſtroys more, then half the* Rocks *in the Univerſe.*

An *Iriſh* Servant being ſtruck by his Maſter, cried out, *Devil take me if I am certain whether he has kill'd me or no; but if I am dead it will afford me great Satisfaction to hear the old Rogue was hang'd for killing me.*

Altho' the Infirmities of Nature are not proper Subjects to be made a Jeſt of, yet when People take a great deal of Pains to conceal what every Body ſees, there is nothing more ridiculous: Of this ſort was old *Croſs* the Player, who being very deaf, did not care any Body ſhould know it. *Joe Miller*, going with a Friend one Day along *Fleet ſtreet*, and ſeeing old *Croſs* on the other Side of the Way told his acquaintance he ſhould ſee ſome Sport: ſo beckoning to *Croſs* with his Finger, and ſtretching open his Mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he halloo'd to him, tho' he ſaid nothing, the old Fellow came puffing from the other Side of the Way, *What a pox*, ſaid he, *do you make ſuch a Noiſe for? Do you think one can't hear?*

Joe Miller, another Day, ſitting in the Window at the *Sun Tavern*, in *Clare ſtreet*, while a Fiſh Woman was paſſing by, crying *Buy my Souls, Buy my Maids!* Ah you wicked old Creature, ſaid *Joe, are you not contented to ſell your own Soul, but you muſt ſell your Maid's too.*

It was ſaid of Phyſicians, that Earth was very charitable to them, for that it *covered a multitude of their ſins.*

A Countryman

A *Sailor* having hired a Horſe, and uſing his truncheon rather to freely, the Horſe being very Head ſtrong run away with him, as ſoon as he cou'd ſtop him he alights, pulls off his Trowſers, and puts the Horſes hind Legs into 'em; a Gentleman happened to come by and aſk'd him *why he did ſo*, to which *Jack* anſwer'd, *Oh d--n his Eyes he runs a head.*

A Quaker aſk'd a Parſon who he thought was the firſt *Quaker? Balaam*, anſwer'd the Parſon. *Balaam* ſays the *Quaker*, how doſt thou make it out? It is plainly ſo, ſays the Parſon, becauſe *he was the firſt that ever gave his Attention to hear an Aſs hold forth.*

An old toping Companion, having ſat ſoaking in an Alehouſe, in a Country Market Town, two or three Days, was at laſt grown ſo tipſey, that he could not diſcern a Houſe from a Mouſe trap, and ſtepping out into the Street to make Water, he kept a heavy buſtle to find the Premiſſes; which an arch Wag perceiving, he came behind him, and clapt up his Thumb between his Legs; the old Soldier took hold of his Thumb, inſtead of ſomething elſe, and fairly let the warm Water fall out at the Knees of his Breeches.

One

A Country Girl was ſent to Market to ſell Butter, and being a pretty cherry-cheek'd freſh colour'd Girl, a Gentleman took notice of her, bought all her Butter, and inſiſted upon her drinking with him, to which ſhe with ſome Reluctance, conſented. And then he forced her to Drink ſo much, that ſhe was quite intoxicated; After that, he aſked her to lie with him, to which ſhe very readily conſented. The next Morning when ſhe returned home, her Father and Mother demanded the Reaſon of her ſtaying out all Night. She immediately told them the whole Affair, and withall, that ſhe lay with a Gentleman all Night. O you *Huſſy*, cry'd the old Man and Woman, you are ruin'd! O Mother, ſays the Girl, ſmiling, I wiſh I was to be ruin'd ſo every Night of my Life, and live to the Age of *Methuſalem*.

A young Woman, named *Cunny*, who was of a free, merry, yet innocent Diſpoſition, happened to lodge in the ſame Houſe with a Gentleman whoſe Name was *Parſley*: the latter being aſk'd one Day, how he liked Miſs *Cunny*? Very well, anſwer'd he, *But I ſhould like her much better if ſhe was ſtuffed with* Parſley.

A *Sailor*

Some Thieves met a Man, robb'd him, and bound him in a Wood; a little after, they met with another, bound him alſo, and laid him on the other ſide of the Hedge; then one of them cry'd out, ſaying I am undone, I am undone! The other hearing him ſay ſo, pray'd him that he would come and undo him too.

A Countryman ſowing his Ground, two ſmart Fellows riding that Way, one of them called to him with an inſolent Air: Well, honeſt Fellow, ſaid he, 'tis your Buſineſs to ſow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour. To which the Countryman replied, *'Tis very likely you may truly, for I am ſowing Hemp.*

Jack Smart, ſtanding at a *Picture-ſhop* to gaze at a bawdy Picture of a Man's Hand under a Woman's Petticoats, was aſk'd by a Gentleman how he could love to gratify his ſenſual Appetite, by giving Tittulation to his vicious Thoughts from the Obſcenity of that Action? Indeed Mr. *Impertinence* ſays *Jack*, you are much miſtaken; but if your Head had been where is Hand is, I ſhould have view'd it with much more Pleaſure, to have thought *in what a pretty Condition your Noſe had been.*

A Country

One *Eaſter Monday*, an arch Rogue meeting a *blind* Woman who was crying Puddings and Pies, taking her by the Arm ſaid Come along with me Dame, I am going to *Moorfields*, where this Holliday-time, you may Chance to meet with good Cuſtom. Thank'e kindly, Sir, ſays ſhe. Whereupon he conducted her to *Cripplegate* Church, and placed her in the middle Iſle. Now, ſays he, you are in *Moorfields:* which ſhe believing to be true, immediately cried out, *Hot Puddings and Pies! Hot Puddings and Pies! come their all Hot!* &c. which cauſed the whole Congregation to burſt out in a loud Laughter, and the Clerk came and told her ſhe was in a Church: You are a lying Son of a Whore, ſays ſhe. Which ſo enraged the Clerk, that he dragged her out of the Church: ſhe curſing and damning him all the while, nor would ſhe believe him 'till ſhe heard the Organs play.

A Sailor having received ten Guineas for turning Roman Catholick, ſaid to the Prieſt who paid him the Money, *Sir, you ought to give me ten Guineas more, becauſe it is ſo damnable hard to belive that ſtrange Doctrine of* Tranſubſtantiation.

The

The *Ambition* of a *Flemiſh Cobler.*

CHARLES the Fifth generally uſed, in his Intervals of Relaxation, to retire to *Bruſſels:* He was a Prince politically curious enough to know the Sentiments of his meaneſt Subjects concerning himſelf, and the Adminiſtration of his Affairs; therefore often went out *incog.* and mixed himſelf in ſuch Companies and Converſation as he thought proper: It happen'd one Night when he was out in private, ſome unlucky Accident happen'd to his Boot, which required immediate mending; he aſk'd where a Cobler lived, and was directed to one: Unluckily for the Emperor it happen'd to be St. *Criſpin's* Holliday; and inſtead of finding the Cobler inclin'd for Work, he was in the Height of his Mirth and Jollity among his Friends and Acquaintance. The Emperor, however, acquainted him with what he wanted, and offered him a handſome Gratuity to oblige him.——'What, Friend, ſays the Fellow, 'do you know no better than to aſk any 'of our Craft to work on St. *Criſpin?*—— 'Was it *Charles* the Emperor himſelf, I'd 'not do a Stitch for him now.——But if 'you'll come in, and drink St. *Criſpin*, do 'and welcome; we are as merry as the Em-

'peror himſelf.'——The Sovereign accepted his Offer, and found ſuch rude, but hearty Mirth, which the Commonalty are delighted with. While he was contemplating on their Pleaſure, inſtead of joining in it, the Jovial Hoſt thus accoſts him.—— 'What, I ſuppoſe you are ſome *Courtier* '*Politician* or other by that contemplative 'Phiz.——Nay, by your *long Noſe*, you 'may be a Baſtard of the Emperor's :—— 'But be *who*, or *what* you will, you're 'heartily welcome.———— Drink about; 'here's *Charles* the Fifth's Health.'——— Then you love *Charles* the Fifth reply'd the Emperor.——'Love him? ſays the 'Son of *Criſpin* ——Ay, ay, I love his '*long Noſeſhip* well enough; but I ſhould 'love him much *more*, would he but *tax* us 'a little *leſs*: But, what the Devil have we 'to do with Politicks.——Round with the 'Glaſs, and merry be our Hearts.'——— After a little Stay, the Emperor took his Leave, and thank'd the Cobler for his hoſpitable Reception.——'That, cry'd he, 'you're welcome to; but I would not to 'Day have diſhonored St. *Criſpin* to have 'worked for the Emperor.'——*Charles*, pleaſed with the honeſt good Nature and Humour of the Fellow, ſent for him the next Morning to Court: You muſt imagine

gine his Surprize, to ſee and hear that his late Gueſt was his Sovereign; he fear'd his Joke on his *long Noſe* muſt be puniſh'd with Death.——The Emperor thanked him for his Hoſpitality, and as a Reward for it, bid him aſk for what he moſt deſir'd, and gave him 'till the next Day to ſettle his *Surprize* and his *Ambition*.——The next Day he appear'd, and, after due Deliberation, requeſted, That for the future the *Coblers* of *Flanders* might bear for their *Arms* a *Boot* with the Emperor's *Crown* upon it.——That Requeſt was granted, and as ſo moderate was his Ambition, the Emperor bid him make another.——'If, ſays 'he, I am to have my utmoſt Wiſhes, Com-'mand. that for the future, the Company 'of *Coblers* ſhall take Place of the Compa-'ny of *Shoemakers*.'——It was accordingly ſo ordained; and to this Day there is to be ſeen a Chapel in *Flanders*, adorn'd round with a *Boot* and *Imperial Crown* on it, and in all Proceſſions the Company of *Coblers* take Place of the Company of *Shoemakers*.

An *Iriſhman* eating an Apple-Pye with ſome Quinces in it: *Arrah now dear Honey, ſaid he, if a few of theſe Quinces give ſuch a Flavour,---How would an Apple-Pye taſte made all of Quinces.*

A Lady coming to Mr. *Langley's* School-maſter of St. *Paul's* (whoſe Life Bp, *Reynolds* has given ſome Account of) to commend her Son to his Teaching and Ordering, and telling him how ſhe would have her Son Diſciplined and Treated; he hearing how Curious ſhe was, and ſeeing her Ladyſhip full of black patches in her Face, told her plainly he would not meddle with the Gentleman her Son: For he percived that God Almighty could not pleaſe her in making her Face, neither ſhould he pleaſe her in Teaching and entreating her Son.

At an Election of Knights of the Shire for the long Parliament, a Lord's eldeſt Son a young Man, was Competitor againſt a grave, old Gentleman, but was Canvas'd. The Countrymen going homewards were met by a Gentleman, who aſk'd, what that Confluence meant, and was told. Who Stood, ſaid he? which being told him, and he farther demanding why they made not choice of my Lord? One made this Reply, Sir, *this is not a Time to enter* Whelps.

A Citizens Wife being in the Country and ſeeing a Gooſe that had many Goſlings. *How is it poſſible*, ſaid ſhe, *that one Gooſe ſhould ſuccle ſo many* Goſlings.

A *Parliament*

A *Parliament Officer* advis'd with a *Cavalier Surgeon* about a Grief; (as he pretended) caught with a Strain. After divers Queſtions *how, and how?* the Surgeon tells his Patieut, that by his leave, the Trouble he complains of, can be no other, then, to phraſe it Modeſtly. *a Lady's Favour.* The good Man bleſſes himſelf, and ſtill it muſt be a *Strain. Why then, Strain let it be:* But this I'll tell you Sir, *The Thing that cures that Strain, will cure the P---.* In fine, the *Officer* ſubmits, and the *Surgeon* perſues his Work.

Sir *Dennis Bruſſels* ſaid, if God ſhould now ſay thus to me, *Thou art fourſcore years old but yet I am content to lend thee a dozen years more of Life.* And becauſe thou haſt converſed with the Men of ſo many Nations in Europe, *my Pleaſure is, that for hereafter thou ſhalt have leave to chooſe for thyſelf, of which thou would'ſt rather be, then of any other.* I would quickly know how to make this Anſwer without Studying; *Let me be neither* Dutch, *nor* Flemiſh, French, Spaniſh, *nor* Italian! *But an* Engliſhman, *an* Engliſhman, *good Lord!*

A Sea Captain being aſk'd his Opinion about a *future State*, he anſwer'd. *that he never troubled his Head about State Affairs.*

In the great Maſſacre in *France*, which happen'd *Auguſt* 24, 1572, on St. *Bartholomew's Day*, as *Gaſparde Coligny*, Admiral of *France*, was in his Chamber in the *Louvre*, and being beſet by the *bloody* Aſſaſſinates, he hearing the Noiſe, got up out of his Bed, and kneeling down, leaned againſt it, when ſeeing one of his Servants come frighted in, aſk'd him *what Noiſe it was*, who anſwered *my Lord*, God *calls us to him*, and ran out haſtily at another Door. They preſently entered, and knowing the *Admiral*, made towards him; at which, he turned to *Beſme* a *Lorainer*, who already had his Sword drawn againſt him, ſaid, *Young Man, thou oughteſt to Reverence theſe my grey Hairs: But do what thou wilt, for thou can'ſt ſhorten my Life but a very little.*

A Gentleman eating ſome Mutton that was very tough, ſaid it put him in Mind of an old Engliſh Poet. Being aſk'd who that was replied *Chau--cer.*

Two Gentlemen one named *Chambers*, the other *Garret*, riding by *Tyburn*, ſays the Firſt this is a very pretty Tenement, *if it had but a Garret. You fool ſays* Garret, *don't you know there muſt be* Chambers *firſt.*

Once

Once a *Phyſician* knock'd at Heaven-Gates, St. *Peter* demanded who he was (and that by an Enumeration of almoſt all Religions) *Art thou a Jew?* No, *replieth he. Art thou a Mahometan?* No, *ſays he. Art thou a Chriſtian?* Neither, &c, Still thus returning No's and Negatives, to the ſundry Queſtions propounded thus particularly; 'till being aſk'd in general, *of what Religion he was?* he anſwered, (*ſays the ſtory*) That he was a *Phyſician*; and ſo at length was denied, for his denial; intimating or declaring, no Room there *(in Heaven)* for ſuch as have no Religion here.

General *Tilly* the *Emperor's* great Commander, ſaid to General *Morgan*, when the one Marched into *Stode*, and the other Marched out: *Hodit tu, Cras ego*; I might have been in your Caſe, the Fortunes of War, are dubious. You muſt leave that Place which you have kept as a Man, and I now enter on that which I have bought with many a Man, and with much Miſery. Therefore, Sir, let us be Friends in the Concluſion, who have been Enemies in the Premiſes.

When a Man does all he can, tho' it ſucceeds not Well, blame not him that did it.

In the Times of Rebellion, a poor *Vicar* got leave to Preach at *White-Hall*, before *Oliver Cromwell*, and there inveighed bitterly againſt him, *(his Poltroon Highneſs)* and at the Proceedings of thoſe Times: Inſomuch that *Oliver* had it in Debate, to queſtion him for his Sermon; 'till a wiſer Man repreſented to him, that he was an obſcure Perſon, who endeavoured by theſe means, only to get himſelf a Name, and better Living from the Royaliſts, after, it may be, a Month or two of Impriſonment: Whereas otherwiſe if he were let alone, the Sermon would die, and the Man be forgot: Which Counſel was followed with ſucceſs ſuitable to that Prognoſtic.

A Merchant in *London*, having bought a pretty Eſtate in *Surry*, and afterwards two or three more Fields adjoining to it. A Perſon ſpeaking of his Purchaſe to a Friend ſaid, he did not think Mr. *ſuch-a-one* had been in Circumſtances to make ſo large a Purchaſe? Oh! dear Sir, ſaid the other, you don't know how conſiderable a Man he is: Why ſince he has bought that Eſtate in Surry, he has bought *More Fields*. *That muſt be a great Purchaſe indeed,* replied the other.

Annas of Momorancy, *Conſtable of Frante*, being Wounded at the Battle of *St. Deny's*, in the eightieth Year of his Age, before he Died, a Confeſſor came to his Bed ſide (in *Paris*, whither he was convey'd) to Comfort him; he turned about and with a ſerene, quiet Countenance, deſired *he would not moleſt him:* For *it were a brutiſh Thing, having lived fourſcore Years, not to know how to die a quarter of an Hour.*

In one of the victorious Fights faught by the Noble and Valiant Marquis of *Montroſſe* in *Scotland*, a ragged *Iriſhman* having his Leg broken with a great Shot, *Oh my Comrades*, quoth he, *I am now ſure to be mounted a Trooper;* and with his *Skein*, or *Sword*, cut off the Skin by which it hung, bidding his Fellow to *bury it, leſt* ſays he, *the hungry Scots feed on my Fleſh.*

A very forward Spark being ſomewhat Importunate with a Married Lady, who was reſolved no longer to ſuffer his Addreſſes, diſmiſſed him with this modeſt Anſwer: *When I was a Child, I obeyed my* Mother; *and when I was grown up I obeyed my* Father; *and now I am* married, *I obey my* Huſband; *ſo if you want any Thing from me, you muſt get his Conſent.*

Andrew Perne, Dean of *Ely*, who being at Court with his Pupil Arch-biſhop *Whitgift*, in a rainy Afternoon when Queen *Elizabeth* was wilfully reſolved to ride abroad, contrary to the Mind of her Ladies, who were on Horſeback to attend her. Now one *Clod*, the *Queen's Jeſter*, was employed by the Courtiers to laugh the Queen out of ſo inconvenient a Journey. Heaven *(ſays he)* Madam diſſuades you, *it is Cold and Wet:* And Earth diſſuades you, *it is Moiſt and Dirty.* Heaven diſſuades you, this Heavenly-minded Man, Archbiſhop *Whitgift*, and Earth diſſuades you, your fool *Clod*, ſuch a lump of Clay as myſelf. And if neither will prevail with you, here is one that is neither Heaven nor Earth but hangs betwixt both; *Dr. Perne*, and he alſo diſſuades you. Hereat, the *Queen* and *Courtiers* laughed heartily, whilſt the Doctor look'd ſadly, and going over with his Grace to *Lambeth*, ſoon ſaw the laſt of his Life.

Three *Graſiers* at a Fair, had left their Money with their *Hoſteſs* while they went to Market; one of them calls for the Money, and runs away. The other two come upon the Woman, and Sued her for delivering that which ſhe had received from the three, before the three came to Demand

it

it. The Cauſe went againſt the Woman and Judgment was ready to be Pronounced; when Mr. *Noy*, being a Stranger, wiſheth her to give him a Fee, becauſe he could not Plead elſe; and then moves in Arreſt of Judgment, that he was retained by the Defendant, and that the Caſe was this. The Defendant had received the Money of the three together, and confeſſeth, was not to deliver it 'till the ſame three demanded it; and therefore the Money being ready, let the three Men come, and it ſhall be Paid. A Motion which altered the whole Proceeding.

One Mr. *Gurnay* benefic'd in *Norfolk* (*a* Man *of excellent Parts, but very Capricious*) Preaching at a certain Place, *King James* in his Progreſs, or Hunting-match, went out of his Way ſome Miles to hear him. Upon this Occaſion the Preacher changes his Subject, and inveighs againſt Swearing, Drinking and Whoring: Church being done, the King told him his Sermon was good, but it was very wide of his Text. He told the King, that he heard his Majeſty had come out of his Way to meet him, and he ſuitably, had gone ſomewhat out of his Way, to meet his Majeſty.

The Goldſmiths of *London*, had, (*and in due Time may have*) a Cuſtom once a Year to weigh Gold in the *Star-Chamber*, in the Preſence of the *Privy Council*, and the *King's Attorney* This ſolemn Weighing, by a Word of Art they call the *Pix*, and make Uſe of ſo exact Scales therein, that the Maſter of the Company ſaid they would turn with the two hundredth Part of a Grain, I ſhould be loth *(ſaid the Attorney, Noy ſtanding by)* to have all my Actions weighed in thoſe ſcales.

A Perſon having two very ungracious Sons, the one robbed him, of his Money, and the other of his Goods, his Neighbour coming to condole with him, told him, *that he might ſue the County, for he had been rob'd between* Son *and* Son.

One being Suitor to a Gentlewoman came every Time he viſited her, waited on by a new Man. *(tho' keeping but one at once :)* Such was his unconſtancy, and delight, in Change. Whereupon, when taking leave of his Miſtreſs, he profer'd to Salute her: Spare your Compliments *(ſaid ſhe unto him)* for probably I ſhall ſee you again; but let me, I pray you Salute your Servant, whom I ſhall never behold any more.

When

When at the Overture of the Treaty in *Flanders* afore refer'd to, the other Embaſſadors came to propoſe what Language they ſhould treat in; the Spaniſh Embaſſador anſwer'd, *that the French Tongue was moſt proper*, becauſe his Miſtreſs *(Queen Eliz.)* Entit'led herſelf *Queen of France*. Nay then, ſaid Mr. *Dale*, let us treat in *Hebrew*, for your Maſter calls himſelf *King of Jeruſalem*.

One whoſe Son lay very Sick, and being told by a *Phyſician* that his Son was a dead Man, ſaid, *I had rather a* Phyſician *ſhould call him ſo an hundred Times, than a* Judge on the Bench *once, whoſe pronouncing him a dead Man makes him ſo*.

It's reported to be the Manner in *Spain*, for Parents, when their Sons are undertaking a Journey into *Italy*, the *Low Countries* or *Indies*, to Inſtruct them with wholeſome Precepts, for leading their Lives, and when they ſee them to have ſet Foot out of Doors, looking out at the Windows, they cry out after them as they are going away, with this Monitory, as the Upſhot; *Son, I warn thee principally, to have Regard of* Gravity, *and next, of the Fear of* God. And ſo tenacious and fix'd a Memory of their Parents

Admonitions

Admonitions uſes to accompany the *Spaniards* in whatever Places, as that when a *Spaniard* was ſtrip't, and whipp'd by a *Beadle*, along the Way, being adviſed to mend his Pace, that ſo he might have been the ſooner done with, and receive the fewer Stripes; with a Countinence Compoſed to all poſſible Severity, and a wrinkl'd Brow, he (is reported to have) anſwer'd, *I care not though I Receive four Stripes, under or over, ſo as I may preſerve my* Gravity.

When Marquis *H---n* came into *England* with an Army of *Scots*, to reſcue good *King Charles* the Iſt, then a Priſoner to his Cut-Throat Enimies, and was ſoon Defeated, Colonel *S--t* then upon the Stool of Repentance for that Expidition, being aſk'd gravely by the *Kirk M---s*, whether by his Malignancy he went not out of the Way? anſwer'd, *That he went wrong to* Weſtmorland, *when he ſhould have gone to* York.

When that worthy Soldier *Sir Roger Williams* heard a *Spaniard* fooliſhly bragging of his Country *Sallads*, he gave him this anſwer, *You have indeed good* Sauce in Spain, *but we have dainty* Beef's, Veal's, and Mutton's *to Eat with that* Sauce: *And as God made Beaſts to live on the Graſs of the Earth, ſo made he* Man *to live upon them.*

A Captain who highly priz'd his own Service, miſſing his Picture in eighty eight Sea Fights, *Arras* (having the living Portraitures of the chiefeſt Commanders thereof) complained of the Injuries to his Friend, profeſſing of himſelf, that he merited a Place there, as well as ſome therein remember'd, ſeeing that he Engaged in the Middle of the Fight. *Be Content*, ſaid his Friend, *thou haſt been an old Pirate, and art reſerv'd for another Hanging.*

A Quaker being in bed with his own Spouſe in the middle of the Night, about the ninth Hour, ſhe pulled him, ſaying, *Ezekiel*, awake! What ſayeſt thou, *Tabitha*, the wife of my Boſom? Ariſe, ſaid ſhe, ſpeedily, and quickly, and make no long tarrying nor delaying, but enter into the next Room, and nigh unto the Place that pays Tribute unto *Cæſar*, there ſtandeth a Wicker-Chair, whereon hangeth a Garment called by Unbelievers, a Red Petticoat: Dive into the Pocket, and take out thence two Farthings, then go thy Way unto *Obidiah*, the Tallow-Chandler, and buy two Candles, light one of them, and bring in preſently; *for I fear our youngeſt Son*, Nehemiah *has beſh-t himſelf.*

An

An honeſt *Welch* Carpenter coming out of *Merionethſhire*, got Work in *Briſtol*, where in a few Months he had ſav'd, beſides his Expences, about twelve Shillings; and with this vaſt Sum of Money, was returning into his own Country; when he came upon *Mile-Hill* he look'd back on the City: *Ah poor* Priſtow, ſaid he, *if one or two more of hur Countrymen were to give thee ſuch another Shake as her has done, 'twou'd be poor* Priſtow *indeed.*

A Taylor ſent his Bill to a Lawyer for Money; the Lawyer bide the Boy go tell his Maſter he was not running away, but very buſy at that Time. The Boy comes again, and tells him he muſt needs have the Money. Didſt tell thy Maſter, ſaid the Lawyer that I was not running away. Yes Sir, anſwer'd the Boy, but he bade me tell you *that he was.*

A Gentleman order'd his Man to call him in the Morning at ſix o'Clock, but he awak'd him at four. Being aſk'd the Reaſon, he reply'd, *he came to tell him he had two Hours more to ſleep.*

If you have a Mind to Make a Man aſham'd of himſelf, do him a good Action for a bad one.

A Man that had but one Eye, met early in the Morning one that had a crooked back, and ſaid to him, *Friend, you are loaded betimes.* *'Tis early indeed*, reply'd the other, *for you have but one of your Windows open.*

Mr. *Gay* ſays, that a Boy's Bird, and a Fool's Wife, lead miſerable Lives.

Lady *T*--, ſaying to her Huſband, that ſhe was ſure, if ſhe died, rather than live ſingle he would Marry, though it were the *Devil's* Daughter. *No*, ſaid he, *Madam*, bowing reſpectfully, *I ſhould not chooſe to* Marry twice into the ſame Family.

A young Lady who had been Ill uſed by a *Fop*, told him that a pretty Face was all the poor Amends that Nature had made him for his want of Brains.

A *Spaniard* reading a Book, the firſt Fault he came to, ſaid, *Welcome if you come* alone.

An ignorant Clown, who had the Reputation of being a great Scholar in the Country, becauſe he could Read and Write, and after coming into *London*, and enquiring into all the ſtrange Things he

ſaw, at laſt, read on a Sign-Poſt, *Here are Horſes to let*, 1743. *Jeſu*, ſaid he, *if there are ſo many Horſes in one Inn, how many are there in the whole City?*

A Perſon aſked an *Iriſhman*, why he wore his Stockings the wrong Side outwards; *becauſe*, ſays he, *there is a hole on the other ſide.*

The famous *Buchanan* being at Dinner where the Soop was exceeding hot, burnt his Mouth, and at the ſame Time breaking Wind backwards: *It was well for you*, ſaid he, *that you made your Eſcape, for I ſhould have burnt you alive if you had ſtaid.*

A young Lady being Sick, a Phyſician was ſent for to feel her Pulſe: ſhe being very Coy, and loath he ſhould touch her naked Skin, pulled her Smock ſleeve over her Hand, the Doctor obſerving it, took a Corner of his Coat, and laid it upon her Smock Sleeve; at which a Lady that ſtood by wondered: *Oh Madam*, ſaid he, *a Linen Pulſe muſt always have a woollen Phyſician.*

Diogenes ſaid to a young hair-brained Fellow, who threw Stones at a Gibbet: *well, I ſee thou'l't hit the mark at laſt.*

A Countryman going to ſee *Vaux-Hall*, after admiring the particular Beauties of the Place, the Muſic, and the fine Company, broke out in Rapture: *Zure, this muſt be the Pleace that* Adam *tumbled out on!* And, ſoon after when he beheld the dark Walk; *Zure this muſt be the Pleace, h'a tumbled into.*

A Braggadocia, in company with Mr. *Charles B--*, bragg'd that he had demoliſh'd five hundred Men with his own Hand. *Sir*, ſays *Charles, I have killed in my Time, let me ſee?* Five at Madrid, ten at Liſbon, twenty at Paris, thirty at Vienna, and double the Number at the Hague. *But at length coming over from* Calais *to* Dover, *I had ſcarcely diſembark'd, before a deſperate Son of a Bitch of an* Iriſhman *killed me, Killed you?* ſays the Officer, *D—n you what do you mean by that? Sir, replies Charles, I did not diſpute your Veracity and why ſhould you queſtion mine.*

A Kentiſh Nobleman being in Company with ſome Scotch Officers, expreſs'd himſelf happy in having a Multitude of *Nightingales* about his Country Seat: *Nightingales?* ſays a bonny *Scot, we have aboondance of them near* Edinburg. Sir, replies my Lord, I thought thoſe Birds had never reach'd ſo far North; pray, what kind of

a Thing is a *Nightingale? My Lord*, rejoins the *Scot, it is aboot as bag as a Pudgeon, and has a Head like a Cat, and cries Whoo, whoo, whoo.*

Lady *V*---, being aſleep in her Cloſet, with the *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* beſore her, her Lord happen'd to ſtep in, and looking over the Book without waking her, took the Liberty to change it for the *Practice of Piety*, and ſo left her. When ſhe wak'd, ſhe preſently perceived the Trick, and his Lordſhip entering while the Book was yet in her Hand, took Occaſion to compliment her on her Ladyſhips Reformation. Nay, nay, anſwer'd my Lady, *let our Reformation go Hand-in-hand I beſeech* you, when you my Lord, *practice the* Whole Duty of Man, *then I'll read the* Practice of Piety.

There being a great Diſturbance one Night at *Drury-Lane* Play-Houſe, the late Mr. *Wilks*, coming upon the Stage to ſay ſomething to pacify the Audience, had an Orange thrown full at him; which, when he had taken up. making a low Bow, with the Orange in his Hand---*I think* ſaid he, *this is no Civil Orange.*

A Soldier in the Time of War, found a Horſe-ſhoe, and ſtuck it at his Girdle: A little after comes a Bullet, and hits juſt upon it. Well, ſays he, *I ſee a little Armour will ſerve if it be well plac'd.*

Joe Trefuſis the Comedian, enter'd as a Volunteer, on Board the Ship the Duke of *York*, commanded in the Channel, in that memorable Sea-Engagement with the *Dutch* Fleet, commanded *(he us'd to ſay)* by *Van Tromp*. When Preparations where making for the Battle, *Joe* tho' a Volunteer, confeſs'd, fear begun to Invade him; but when the Man at the Top-maſt-head cry'd a *Sail!* then two *Sails!* and after, *Z-s a whole Wood! Joe's* Terrors augmented: But his Fears came to the full Height, when a Sailor aſk'd him, *If he had not perform'd on the Stage? Joe* reply'd in the Affirmative, *Why then*, reply'd the blunt Tar, *To morrow, if you are not killed with the firſt Broadſide, by G-d you will ſee the deepeſt, and bloodieſt Tragedy you ever ſaw in your Life.*

The Dutcheſs of *Marlborough* hearing that her Grandſon had accepted of a Colonel's Commiſſion, ſaid, that the Miniſtry had decoy'd the poor Boy, made him drunk, and inliſted him for a Soldier.

An

An old hearty Sea-Commander, aboard whoſe Ship Divine Service was conſtantly Celebrated, being tired with the Clerk's continually ſetting one Pſalm, which was, *All People that on Earth do dwell:* Said in a fret, *d—n all People that on Earth do dwell, I will have,* "The Lord is my Shepherd".

Some Charity Collectors coming to the Houſe of a Merchant, on being admitted to the Parlour, overheard him rating his Servant for lighting a Match at both Ends, ſo that it would not ſerve twice. This did not appear to them a favourable Omen to their Buſineſs; which, when he came to them, and underſtood, he gave them a very liberal Contribution, nay, much beyond what they at firſt expected. Their looks betray'd their Surpriſe; upon which the Merchant ſaid, *I find Gentlemen you overheard what paſſed between my Servant and me; but it is by this ſtrictneſs in Oeconomy, that I am in a Condition to beſtow the greater Charities upon the Poor.*

Corbinelli, at the Age of a hundred and odd Years, being congratulated on having a healthy Face, reply'd, that, at his Age a healthy Face was out of the Queſtion; but that it was a great Thing to have any Face at all.

Pope

Pope having been lighted home by a Link Boy, offered to give him ſomewhat leſs than he expected, upon which he demanded more: *Pope* proteſted that he had no more half-pence left; repeating a Term familiar to him, when a little Vexed, *God mend me!* The Boy finding that nothing was to be got went away muttering loud enough to be over-heard, "God mend me, God mend "me, quotha! Five hundred ſuch as I "might be made, before one ſuch crooked "Son of a Bitch as you could be mended." *Pope* on this, called him back, and gave him half a Crown as a Reward for his Wit.

A Quaker returning from a City Feaſt, overtook an Acquaintance of his, an Alderman, whom he had obſerv'd glorioufly exerting himſelf in ſwallowing a vaſt load of Meat and Drink. *Friend*, ſays he to him, clapping him upon the Shoulder, *I'll give thee half a Crown to go Home with me, and ſpew in my Hog-trough.*

An Author after reading an extreme bad Play to Q---, aſked his Opinion of it. He told him it would not do by any means. I wiſh, ſays the Author, you could adviſe me what is beſt to do with it. *That I can*, ſays Q--, "*Blot out one half, and burn the other.*"

Parſon

Parſon *Adams* ſitting and ſmoaking his Pipe by a *Coffee houſe* Fire, at which there ſtood a Gentleman, *with his Back turn'd towards it*, aſked him, Sir, pray what may your Name be? *Thompſon* Sir, at your Service: Your Chriſtian Name, Sir? *Jeremiah*. Oh! very well: *(Puff)* then Mr. *Jeremiah*, *(Puff) Thompſon*, I think you ſay your Name is, *(Puff)* why then Mr. *Jeremiah Thompſon (Puff)* the Lappet of your Coat is on Fire.

A general Officer in the *Pruſian* Service, having one of his Legs ſhot off in an Engagement, by a Cannon Ball, burſt out into a loud Laugh. *It is well*, ſaid he, *that I have two more in my Portmantua.*

A knaviſh Attorney aſking a very worthy Gentleman what was Honeſty: *What is that to you*, ſaid he, *meddle with thoſe Things which concern yourſelf.*

A Poltron who had long apprehended a Drubbing from a Perſon whom he had uſed ill, was met by him at length, and received his Deſerts; upon which, ſhrugging up his Shoulders, yet ſmarting with the Operation, *Thank Heaven*, ſays he, *I am now rid of my Fears.*

A famous Phyſician, being diſturbed very late at Night by a violent knocking at his Gate, came to the Window himſelf, and aſking what was the Matter, a Footman told him that the Lady Dutcheſs of ---- was in Labour, and wanted his Aſſiſtance immediately: The Doctor not being very Well, and apprehending no extraordinary Danger, declin'd the Viſit, but wrote a Preſcription upon a ſlip of Paper, into which he put ſome duſt that he had ſwept off the Floor to prevent its being blown away, and toſſed it to the Servant. The next Morning, when he waited on the Dutcheſs, he found her delivered of a fine Boy; but ſhe ſlipped a handſome Fee into his Hand, and told him his Powders had done Wonders. What Powders, may it pleaſe your Grace? Why thoſe you ſent me in the Paper. The Doctor who had Preſcribed a Julip, diſcerned preſently the Miſtake, but was wiſe enough to leave his Patient, at leaſt for the preſent, under the Power of it.

A poor bigotted Peaſant being Catechized by his Prieſt, after rehearſing all the Points of his Creed, was running on, "I "believe in St. *Michael* the Archangel, the "eleven thouſand *Virgins*, St. *George* and

" the *Dragon*, St. *Dunſtan* and the *Devil*, " with a long &c. of the Legend, till the " Prieſt himſelf being tired, cried out, *for* " *Heavens ſake honeſt Man do not believe* quite " ſo much."

A Merchant of conſiderable Trade, being by a Train of Loſſes and Diſappointments, reduced to negociate a Letter of Licence from his Creditors, all conſented to give it him except one, who not only peremptorily refuſed to join with the Reſt, but Sued for his Debt, which was about three hundred Pounds, and threw the unhappy Petitioner into a Jail. His Son, who was then out of Town, on the firſt News of this Misfortune, without ſeeing his Father, poſted directly to the Houſe of this ſevere Creditor, and employed the moſt moving Interceſſion for a Diſcharge. But theſe produced no Effect, he begged him to Accept of his Perſon, as a Ranſom for his Father's, and offered to go joyfully to Priſon in his Stead. This too being refuſed, the Youth, in a Tranſport of Deſpair, Embraced the Knees of this inflexible Creditor, and declared he would not ſtir till he was either Torn from them, or had obtained his Suit. The Creditor, ſtruck to the Heart with ſo much Reſolution in

ſo

ſo worthy a Cauſe, changed his purpoſes as if by a Miracle; and raiſing him gently up, told him, that ſo good a Son could not make a bad Son-in-law; and that he hoped he would forgive his Severity for the Reparation he was diſpoſed to make for it, which was not to be confined to the Releaſe of his Father, but be extended to the beſtowing upon him his only Daughter, with a Fortune that would amply make up the Loſſes of his Family. The Joy of the Son may be more eaſily imagined, than that which was felt by the Father, at the News of his Deliverance, the Retrieval of his Affairs, and above all, the Evidences of *Filial Piety*, from which all this good was derived.

A Lady ſaid ſhe had diſcovered that there were three Sexes, being deſired to inform the Company how ſhe made it out, ſaid, *There are the* Men, *the* Women, *and the* Fribbles.

A Slave who had fled from the Caliph of *Damaſcus*, being retaken, the Caliph in his Preſence conſulted the Vizier upon his Puniſhment. The Vizier adviſed his being immediately put to Death; at hearing of which the Slave cried out, may it pleaſe

your Majeſty, I ſhall contentedly ſubmit to this Sentence, if I have one Favour previouſly Granted me. What is that ſaid the Caliph. Why that I may kill this Vizier, who has adviſed my Death, for then your Majeſty will have Cauſe to order me to Execution; whereas my preſent Fault, of eſcaping only from a Servitude to which I was not Born, does not deſerve ſo rigorous a Sentence. "Sir, *(interupted the Vizier)* I have diſcovered that my own Raſhneſs and Preſumption have Expoſed me to this Slave; I ought to have reflected that an Attack upon the Life of another is unjuſt and Cruel, and can never be made without endangering ones own," The Slave was forgiven, and immediately made Free.

A Farmer's Daughter in *France*, being croſſed by her Father in her Inclination to Marry, watched him one Night as he was aſleep, cut his Throat from Ear to Ear, opened his Breaſt, took out his Heart and eat it raw. She was ſoon Apprehended, and brought to Juſtice. The Judges were for deviſing new Tortures for her, except one, who gave his Opinion, that ſhe ſhould be ſhut up for Life in a Mad-houſe; for that it was highly probable, that ſuppoſing there

there were no proceeding Acts of Madneſs, there might yet be lurking in her Blood the Cauſe of the Ferment, which her Diſappointment produced; that in ſhort, this was one of thoſe Crimes, which for the Intereſt of Mankind, we ſhould be perſuaded no one could commit who retained the leaſt ſhadow of Reaſon. This Opinion prevailed; and ſhe was Confined for Life in the Cell of a Mad-Houſe; where being fooliſhly aſked how ſhe reliſhed her Father's Heart, ſhe anſwered, *Extremely well, I wiſh I had yours to make a Meal of.*

The Following are uſeleſs Things, ſays an *Arabian* Writer.

A Lamp in *Mid-day.*
A fine Face to a *blind Man,*
Rain in a *Deſart,* or upon *barren Ground.*
A Feaſt to one that is *full Fed.*
And Truth and Knowledge propoſed to a *Fool.*

A Gentleman walking in the Fields by the *Foundling Hoſpital*, in Company with another, met an old Acquaintance who endeavoured to paſs by him unobſerved, not being in a Condition to make the Appearance that he had formerly done.

The

The Gentleman perceiving it, threw himſelf ſo full in his Way that he could not avoid an Interview. After a few Compliments paid with the more cordial Reſpect in proportion as the other ſeemed to give up his Title to it, he aſked him how the World went with him. Very bad ſaid the other: Sickneſs, loſſes in Buſineſs, and other Misfortunes have near cruſhed me; and in ſhort, I am in a State of abſolute Indigence. Do not be dejected, ſays his Friend, here are Ten Guineas at your Service, and when you want more come to me, depend upon my ſerving you as far as you yourſelf can expect it. The Stranger left him, and with what Sentiment may eaſily be imagined. But the Companion of his Walk, one who wanted nothing but a Spirit to his Wealth, burſt out into the following Exclamation: My God! what would I give to be capable of ſuch an Action.

When Recruits where raiſing for the late Wars, a Sergeant told his Captain, that he had got him a very extraordinary Man. Ay ſays the Captain, prithee what is he, a Butcher, Sir, replies the Sergeant, and your Honour will have double Service of him, for we have two Sheep-Stealers in the Company already.

A ſmart Fellow, thinking to ſhow his wit one Night at a Tavern called to the Drawer, here, *Murcury*, ſaid he, take away this Bottle full of Emptineſs. Said one of the Company, *Do you ſpeak that* Jack, *of your own Head?*

A young Gentleman from the Univerſity, on paying a Viſit to a Lady, a Relation of his in the Country, found her in great Affliction for the loſs of a Diamond Ring of conſiderable Value. She was poſitive that ſome of her Servants muſt have got it, but to which to lay it ſhe did not know. The young Gentleman on hearing the Circumſtances, undertook the Recovery of it provided the Lady would humour the Stratagem he propoſed to make uſe of. She readily conſented. At Dinner, therefore, the Diſcourſe turning upon the Loſs, the Scholar boaſted ſo much of his Skill in the Black-Art, that ſhe, as they had previouſly agreed, deſired him to Exert it for the Diſcovery of the Perſon who had ſtolen her Ring. He promiſed her he would; and after Dinner, ordered a white Cock to be got, (no other Colour would do) and a Kettle to be placed on a Table in the Hall. The Cock he told them was to be put under the Kettle; and all the

Servants

Servants, one after another were to touch it, and that as ſoon as the Guilty Perſon ſhould lay his Hand upon it, the Cock would Crow three Times. Every Thing being thus Prepared with the greateſt ſolemnity, the young Gentleman begun the Scene. The Hall was darkened, and the Proceſſion begun. As ſoon as they had every one declared that they had fulfilled the Direction and touched the Cock, the Light was Reſtored, and the Gentleman examined every one of their Hands, and found them all Smutted, except one who had taken Care not to touch the Kettle, and was beginning to Hug himſelf for having outwited the conjuror. Upon this circumſtance, the Gentleman charged him cloſely with the theft: He could not deny it, and on his knees aſked pardon; which the Lady upon his reſtoring the Ring granted him.

A certain Doctor having raiſed a pretty Fortune by irregular Practice, was deſirous of purchaſing a Coat of Arms to adorn his Chariot, and accordingly aſked a Friend's Advice, what he had beſt have for them? *Ah! Doctor*, ſaid he, *Nothing will ſuit you better three Ducks, and let the Motto, if you pleaſe, be* Quack, Quack, Quack.

The

The ſultan *Aroun Alraſchid* having ordered a criminal to be carried from his preſence to execution, the wretch vented his deſpair by muttering a thouſand execrations and curſes againſt him. The ſultan perceiving his lips move, aſked one of his Miniſters, who was near the criminal, what it was he ſaid; the miniſter unwilling to exaſperate his Maſter againſt one who was already miſerable, anſwer'd, that he ſaid, they who moderate their anger, and forgive thoſe who offend them, are pleaſing to God. The ſultan moved with compaſſion for the criminal, ordered him to be releaſed. But another miniſter, the enemy to him that ſpoke, ſaid, perſons of our ſtation ought never to ſay any thing but truth to his majeſty: that wretch abuſed the king, and poured forth nothing but curſes and horrid imprecations on him. The king replied, my pardon ſhall ſtand; and to take notice that the lie of your collegue is more agreable to me than your truth.

A Sailor was carried before a Juſtice of Peace, for Swearing two Oaths, for which he was ordered to pay Two Shillings. Upon which the Sailor took half a Crown out of his Pocket, and aſked the Juſtice

what he muſt pay for a Curſe? He was told, Six-pence. *Why then*, quoth *Jack, a Pox take you all for a Company of Knaves and Fools, there's Half a Crown for you, I hate to ſtand Changing of Money.*

A young Gentlewoman who had Married a very wild Spark, that had run through a plentiful Fortune, and was reduced to ſome Streights, was innocently ſaying to him one Day, My Dear I want ſome Shifts ſadly, *D---me, Madam*, replied he, *how can that be, when you make ſo many every Day?*

Three or four Sharpers once dreſſed themſelves up like Country Bumkins, and putting on the Air and Manner of the moſt Ignorant of thoſe Kind of People, they purchaſed three or four Pounds of Pork Stakes, and going into a Public Houſe, directly facing an eminent Banker's, where the Clerks were counting over a great Quantity of Gold upon the Counter, which place they had pitched upon for their Purpoſe. After prevailing with their Landlady to dreſs them their Stakes, and a Cloth was laid in a little Room for their Dinner, one of them takes a Pewter Plate, that was properly prepared for their Deſign, and running into the Street, without his

his Hat, bolts directly into the aforeſaid Banker's Shop, and with a Weſt Country Accent, he goes directly up to the Counter where they were telling the Money, and with both Hands immediately ſlaps down his Plate upon a great heap of Guineas: And roaring out at the ſame Time, *Zir, an you pleaſe, I want a Vard'north of your beſt Muſtard.---D--n your ignorant Blood* (quoth the Clerk) *if you don't get out of the Shop this minute I'll ſend you to Hell for Muſtard. What do you come here for Muſtard for you Raſcal?* At this the Sharper took up his Plate with one Hand, to prevent Suſpicion, and holding it down careleſly with the other, but with the bottom of it towards his Thigh, he replies to him with an aukward kind of a Bow, and ſcratching his Head with his other Hand, Zir, I beg your Pardon, I thou't you zould every Thing here; I am zure the Volks o' th' Houſe, yonder, bid me come o' this Side o' th' way vor't, and zo I hope you ben't angry with me vor't, Zir.

A *Scotch* Bagpiper travelling into *Ireland*, opened his Wallet by a Wood-ſide, and ſat down to Dinner, he had no ſooner ſaid Grace, than three Wolves came about him: To one he threw Bread, to another Meat,

till his Proviſions were all gone; at length he took his Bagpipes, and began to Play, at which the Wolves ran away. *The Deel tak me*, ſaid Sawney, *had I kenn'd you lov'd Muſic ſo weel, ye ſhou'd have had it before I'inner.*

A young Man who had ſtolen a Silver Plate from his Uncle, received the following Reproach for his Folly, in a bequeath in his Will, contained in theſe Words. *I give and bequeath to my Nephew N---, eleven Silver Plates: He knows the Reaſon why I do not leave him the* twelfth.

A Countryman paſſing by the Watch in the City, they ſtopped him, he told 'em he was in haſte, but aſked 'em who they watched for? They ſaid for the King, *(meaning the King's watch)* for the King! ſays he, then by my Troth, I can bring very good Witneſſes that I am no ſuch Man, for Iſe even *Johnny Trump* of *Yorkſhire*, and have been of an Errand for my Maſter.

Three Gentlemen being at a Tavern, whoſeNames were *More*, *Strange*, and *Wright*, ſays the laſt, there is but one Cuckold in Company, and that is *Strange*. Yes, ſaid *Strange*, there is one *More*. Ay, ſays *More*, and that's Wright.

Two

Two Country *Attorneys* overtaking a Waggoner upon the Road, and taking to break a Joke upon him, aſked him, why his Fore-horſe was ſo Fat, and the reſt ſo Lean? the Waggoner knowing them to be Limbs of the Law, anſwered, *That his Fore horſe was a Lawyer, and the reſt were his Clients.*

One walking after his Wife's Corpſe to her Burial. and the Bearers going along pretty faſt, he cryed out to them, *Don't go ſo faſt, what need you make a toil of a Pleaſure.*

A *Sea Officer,* who for his Courage in a ſmart Engagement, in which he had loſt a Leg was promoted to the Command of a good Ship; in the Heat of the next Fight, a Cannon-Ball took away his wooden Supporter, ſo that he fell upon the Deck. A ſailor thinking he had been freſh Wounded, called out for the Surgeon. *No, no,* ſaid the Captain, *the Carpenter will do.*

Lawyers and Chamber-maids ſaid a wicked young Fellow, are like *Balaam's* Aſs, *They can never Speak unleſs they ſee an Angel.*

An

An extravagant young Gentleman, to whom the Title of Lord. and a good Eſtate had juſt fallen, being a little harraſſed by Duns, bid his Steward tell them, *that whilſt he was a private Gentlemen he had leaſure to run in Debt, but now being advanced to a higher Rank, he was two buſy to pay them.*

A Countryman in the Street, enquired the Way to *Newgate.* An arch Fellow hearing him, ſaid, he would ſhew him preſently. *Do but go over the way,* ſaid he, *to that Goldſmith's Shop, and move off with one of thoſe Silver Tankards, and it will bring you thither preſently.*

An ignorant, but ſoppiſh young Fellow, going into a Bookſellers ſhop with a Relation, ſeeing his Cuſin look into a Book and Smile, aſked him what there was in that Book that ſo pleaſed him? Why, anſwered the other, this Book is dedicated to you, Couſin *Jack* Is it ſo ſaid he, pray let me ſee it, for I never knew before, that I had ſuch an Honour done me. Upon that, taking it into his Hand, he found it to be *Perkins's* Catechiſm, dedicated *to all ignorant People.*

An

An honeſt *French* Dragoon in the Serxice of *Lewis* XIV. having caught a Fellow in Bed with his Wife, after ſome Words, told him he would let him eſcape that Time, but ſwore, if ever he found him there again, he would throw his Hat out of the Window. Notwithſtanding this terrible Threat, in a few Days he caught the Spark in the ſame Place, and was as good as his Word; but preſently poſted away to the King, and throwing himſelf at his Majeſty's Feet, implored his Pardon. The King aſked what his Offence was? He told him how he had been abuſed, and that he had thrown the Man's *Hat out of the window*. Well, well, ſaid the King, I very readily forgive you; I think you was in the right to throw his *Hat out of the window*: But an pleaſe your Majeſty, ſaid the Dragoon, *his Head was in it*: Was it ſo replied the King, Well, my Word is paſs'd.

A POPISH MIRACLE.

Upon a Time, when *Naples* was ſtraitly Beſieged. the Viceroy iſſued a ſevere Order, that no Man under or above ſuch an Age, ſhould walk the Streets without a Swoad upon pain of Death; and the Viceroy might be

be ſure his Order was ſtrictly obeyed; he and his Officers rode up and down the City to ſee that none offended herein, and in his Progreſs eſpied a Gentleman without a Sword; who being brought to him, was immediately cendemned to be hang'd upon the next Sign-Poſt. The Gentleman pleaded hard for his Life, but to no Purpoſe, for die he muſt. He then entreated the Viceroy, that he might not die ſo ignominious a Death, but like a Gentleman as he was; and therefore humbly deſired that the next Gentleman who came by with a Sword, might run him through the Body, which was granted. Preſently comes along one, who was juſt come from a Gaming-houſe, where he had loſt all, even the very Blade of his Sword, and durſt not go home till he had a Wooden one fitted to the Hilt and Scabbard. Being now ſtopt, he was told the Caſe, and what he was appointed to do. But being conſcious of his own inſufficiency for the Buſineſs, he was ſo ſtartled, that he ſcarce knew what to ſay: What, make a common Executioner of me; ſaid he. What ſtain my Blood to Eternity! With ſuch ſuch like, Exclamations, but all proving fruitleſs he prepared himſelf for the Work, and kneeling down, prayed, "O God of Hea-

"ven,

" ven if this Man ought not to die, may " this my Sword be turned into Wood ;" So plucking it out and it appearing to be ſuch, the condemn'd Gentleman was releaſed with abundance of Joy. The wooden Sword was carried with great Solemnity, and hung up in the Cathedral Church, as a true Link to the Chain of *Popiſh* Miracles.

A Man was ſo jealous of his Wife, that wherever ſhe went, or whatever ſhe was about, he was always at her Heels; which ſo vexed her, that in plain Terms ſhe told him, *That if he did not leave off his Proceedings of that Nature, ſhe would graft ſuch a Pair of Horns upon his Head, that ſhould hinder him from coming out of any Room in his Houſe.*

A proud Parſon, and his Man, riding over a Common, ſaw a Shepherd tending his Flock, and having a new Coat on, the Parſon aſked him in a haughty Tone, who gave him that Coat; the ſame, ſaid the Shepherd, that cloathed you the Pariſh. The Parſon, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little Way, and bid his Man go back and aſk the Shepherd if he'd come and live with him for he

wanted a Fool. The Man going accordingly to the Shepherd, delivered, his Maſter's Meſſage and concluded as he was ordered, that his Maſter wanted a Fool. *Why are you going away then*, ſaid the Shepherd. No, anſwered the other. *Then you may tell your Maſter reply'd the Shepherd, his Living won't maintain three of us.*

An *Iriſhman* being at a Tavern, where the Cook was dreſſing ſome Flounders, obſerved ſome of them move, after they were gutted and put into a Pan, which much ſurpriſing *Teague, ſaid he, of all the Chriſtian Creatures I ever ſaw. theſe ſame Flounders will live the longeſt, after they are dead.*

A Man paſſing through a Church-yard, ſaid to his Friend, *Well Couſin, if I live and do well, I'll be buried in this Place.*

It's a common Saying, that Sailors get their Money like Horſes, and ſpend it like Aſſes; of which the following Story may be reconed an Inſtance. On Pay day, one Sailor deſired another to lend him Twenty Shillings. The monied Man, fell to telling out the Sum in Shillings; but a half Crown thruſting its Head in, [illegible] out, and

and he began to tell again; but then an impertinent Crown-piece was as officious as his Half-brother had been, and again interrupted the Tale; ſo that taking up a Handful of Silver, he cries, Here *Jack*, give me a Handful when your Ship's paid; what a Pox ſignifies counting?

Some Gentlemen coming out of a Tavern pretty mellow, a Link-Boy cried, Have a Link, Gentlemen? Light yourſelf to the Devil you Dog, ſaid one of the Company. Bleſs you Maſter, replied the Boy, we can find the Way in the Dark? ſhall I light your Worſhip thither?

A Jolly Toper being merry over his Bottle at a Tavern, made his Will in this manner: I give and bequeath Fifty Pounds to Five Taverns, to drink to my Memory when I am dead. That is to ſay, Ten Pounds to the *Salutation* for Courtiers: Ten Pounds to the *Caſtle* for Soldiers: Ten Pounds to the *Mitre* for Parſons: Men Pound to the *Horn* for Citizens: and Ten Pounds to the *Devil* for Lawyers.

The King of *France* taking *Killegrew* the famous *Jeſter*, into a Gallery full of Pic

tures, among the reſt, ſhewed him the Picture of *Chriſt* upon the *Croſs*, and aſked if he knew who he was? But *Killegrew* made himſelf very Ignorant, and anſwered, *No*, *why*, ſaid the King, *I'll tell you, if you don't know; this is the Picture of our Saviour on the Croſs, and that on his Right Side is the Poſe's, and that on the Left is my own:* Whereupon *Killegrew* repli'd, I humbly thank your Majeſty for the Information you have given me; for tho' I have often heard that *our Saviour* was Crucified between two *Thieves*, yet I never knew who they were before.

A pert Coxcomb in Company with *Dean Swift*, riſing from his Chair, ſaid ſaucily, Know, Mr. Dean, I ſet up for a Wit, Oh! do you ſo? ſays the Dean, then take my Advice and ſet down again.

An Iriſh Fellow, vaunting of his Birth and Family, affirmed, that when he came firſt to England, he cut ſuch a Figure, that the Bells were rung thro' every Town he Paſs'd to *London*. Ah! ſays a Gentleman in Company, I ſuppoſe that was, becauſe you came up in a Waggon with a Bell team.

Some

Some rattling young Fellows from London, putting into a Country Inn, ſeeing a Plain rough hewn Farmer there, ſays one of them, You ſhall ſee me dumb-found that Countryman. So, coming up to him, he gave his Hat a twirl round, ſaying, There's Half a-crown for you Countryman. The Farmer, after recovering a little from his Surprize, rear'd his Oaken Towel, and ſurveying him very gravely, gave him two very handſome Drubs on the Shoulder, ſaying I thank you for your Kindneſs. Friend, there's two Shillings of your Money again.

A Gentleman telling a Friend of his that he wondered he did not lay up Money, when to his Knowledge he had eight Hundred a Year, and did not Appear to Spend above two; your Surpriſe will ceaſe, when you know how my Eſtate goes. I employ two Hundred in paying what I Owe, I lend two Hundred, I ſpend two Hundred, I loſe two Hundred. The two Hundred I Pay, are what I allow my Father and Mother who are Poor; the two Hundred I Lend, are laid out in the Education of my Children, who I hope will return it me; the two Hundred I Spend are in Neceſſaries for my Family; and the

two

two Hundred I Loſe are Conſum'd by my Wife in Dreſs and Pleaſure.

One ſeeing a great heap of Stones in St. Paul's Churchyard, ſays to his Friend, I wiſh I had ſome of theſe Stones at home. Why, what would you do with them? ſaid the other, Why, ſaid he, with theſe Stones I would build a Brick Wall round my Houſe.

One was talking of a Woman, that always hit her Huſband in the Teeth with his Horns; ſays a Simpleton, what a Fool was he to let his Wife know he was a Cuckold.

A *Latitudinarian* in matters of Religion, uſued to ſay, he was ready to Sign any formulary or confeſſion of Faith, provided he might have the Benefit of the two Words, allowed at the Bottom of all Merchants Accounts, Errors Excepted.

A certain great Lady paſſing in her Chariot thro' Long-Acre one Morning, perceived her Son coming out of a Brothel; the Spark having a quick Eye upon his Mother, draw'd back into the Paſſage in great Confuſion: The old Lady cauſing her

her Coachman to ſtop at the Door, called out to him, My Son! my Son! never be aſham'd at coming out of a Bawdy-Houſe, but for ever be aſham'd of going into one.

A certain Gentleman of *Not-g-m*, who was fore-man of the Scavenger's Jury, in calling their Names over, he thus accoſts them; Gentlemen, ſeparate yourſelves together, and let thoſe that are not here anſwer to their Names.

A certain Lady to excuſe herſelf for a Frailty ſhe had lately fallen into, ſaid to an intimate Friend of her's, Lord! how is it poſſible for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpluckt, when every Fellow has got a Key to it.

INDOLENCE *Characteriſed.*

Indolence deprives Men of all that Activity which ſhould call forth their Virtues, and make them Illuſtrious. An indolent Man is ſcarce a Man; he is half a Woman. He wills, and unwills, in a Breath. He may have good Intentions of diſcharging a Duty, while that Duty is at a Diſtance. Let it but Approach, let him but view

view the Time of Action near, and down drop his Hands in Languor! What can be done with ſuch a Man? He is abſolutely good for nothing. Buſineſs tires him, Reading fatigues him, the Service of his Country interferes too much with his Pleaſures, and even Attendance at Court, though for the Sake of Advancemen, is too great a Conſtraint upon him. His Life ſhould be paſſed upon a Bed of Down. If he is Employed, Moments are as Hours to him: if he is Amuſed, Hours are as Moments. In general, his whole Time Eludes him; he lets it glide unheeded like Water under a Bridge. Aſk him, what he has done with his Morning? He knows nothing about it, for he has lived without one Reflection upon his Exiſtence. He Slept as long as it was poſſible for him to Sleep; dreſs Slowly, amuſed himſelf in Chat with the firſt Perſon that called upon him, and took ſeveral turns in his Room till Dinner. Dinner is ſerved up, and the Evening will be Spent as unprofitably as the Morning, and his whole Life as this Day. Once more ſuch a Wretch is good for nothing. It is only Pride that can Support him in a Life ſo Worthleſs, and ſo much beneath the Character of a Man.

A COLLECTION Of our moſt common PROVERBS, With their EXPLICATION.

The Belly has no Ears.

THIS Proverb intimates, that there is no arguing the matter with Hunger, the mother of impatience and anger. It is a prudent caution not to contend with hungry Perſons, or contradict them by ill-timed apologies or Perſuaſions to Patience. It is a Lecture of Civility and Diſcretion, not to diſturb a Gentlemen at his Repaſt, or trouble him with unreaſonable addreſſes at Meal time.

Every Bean has its Black.

This is an excuſatory Proverb for the common Failings of Mankind, and intimates, that there is no Man *perfect* in all

Points, wiſe in all Reſpects, or awake at all Hours, and is a Satire againſt Cenſoriouſneſs.

Brag is a good Dog, but Holdfaſt is a better.

This Proverb is a Taunt upon *Bragadochio's* who talk big, boaſt and rattle: It is alſo a *Memento* for ſuch who make Plentiful Promiſes to do well for the future, but are ſuſpected to want Conſtancy and Reſolution to make them good.

What is bred in the Bone will never be out of the Fleſh.

This Proverb is applied to ſuch as imitate ſome Vice of their Parents; and intimates, That Perſons naturally addicted to any vice, will ſcarce be reclaimed afterwards by the Art of Rhetoric, or the Power of Perſuaſion, Authority or command.

A Burnt Child dreads the Fire.

This Proverb intimates, That it is natural for all living Creatures, whether rational or irrational, to conſult their own Security and ſelf preſervation; and whether they act by inſtinct or reaſon, it ſtill tends

tends to ſome care of avoiding thoſe things that have already done them an injury.

A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Buſh.

This Proverb intimates, That poſſeſſion is a mighty matter, and precautions us not to run the hazard of a *certain loſs*, for an *uncertain gain*, and teaches us that Futurities are liable to *diſappointments*; no depending on *ſhall* or *will* Hereafter, and no commanding *things out of our hand*, five tenſes *diſtant* from *fruition*.

Charity begins at Home.

This Proverb was well intended, and grounded upon that Paſſage of the Apoſtle, which ſays, That *he who provides not for his own Houſhold, is worſe than an Infidel:* But as the beſt Inſtructions have been abuſed, ſo this Proverb is become an excuſatory Reply by the Uncharitable, who have not the natural Affection to relieve the neceſſitous Poor out of their Abundance; thereby intimating, moſt unchriſtianly, that Self-love is the Meaſure of our Love to our Neighbour.

What can't be cur'd muſt be endur'd.

That is a conſolatory Saying, applicable to Perſons under the Preſſure of ſome inevitable Calamity; and adviſes to make a Virtue of Neceſſity, and not aggravate but alleviate the Burden by patient hearing.

I talk of Chalk and you of Cheeſe.

All the Impertinence in *Converſation*, *Commerce*, or *Buſineſs*, is reprehended by this Saying, whereby the Company do not make a Harmony in their *Diſcourſe*, nor keep to the Point in *Queſtion*.

Curs'd Cows have ſhort Horns.

This Proverb is ſarcaſtically apply'd to ſuch Perſons, who tho' they have *Malignity* in their Hearts, have *Feebleneſs* in their Hands, diſabling them from wreaking their *Malice* on the Perſons they bear ill-will to. Alſo, under this ridiculous *Emblem* of *curs'd Cows*, inveterate Enemies are couch'd, whoſe babarous Deſigns are often fruſtrated by the Interventien of an over-ruling Providence.

A Cat may look upon a King.

This is a ſaucy Proverb, generally made uſe of by pragmatical Perſons, who muſt needs be cenſuring their Superiors, take Things by the worſt Handle, and carry them beyond their bounds; for tho' Peaſants may look at and honor *great Men*, *Patriots*, and *Potentates*, yet they are not to ſpit in their Faces.

Cut your Coat according to your Cloth.

This Proverb contains good Advice to People of ſeveral Ranks and Degrees, to balance *Accounts* betwixt their *Expences* and their *Income*, and not to let their Vanity lead them, as we ſay to out-run the Conſtable.

Faint Heart never won fair Lady.

This Proverb animates to Conſtancy and Reſolutiton in an honourable Undertaking, having a more extenſive View then the courting of a Miſtreſs: It intimates the Injurioufneſs of being low-ſpirited and deſpairing, in that a Dejection of Mind will, in all probability fruſtrate the Succeſs; for that Deſpair is the Parent of Ruin; in that it diſpirits a Man, and enfeebles or enervates his whole Force.

No longer Pipe no longer Dance.

This Proverb is a Reflection upon the mercenary and ungreatful Tempers of too many People; and is alſo a good Memento of Prudence, intimating that Misfortune will have few or no Friends; for ungreatful and mercenary People, though they have had twenty good Turns done formerly, will dance no longer than while the Muſic of this Proverb obliges them for their Pains; nor budge no further than they have Money to pay them for their continued Service.

He who has a mind to beat a Dog will eaſily find a Stick.

This Proverb is generally applied to ſuch Perſon, who, out of Prejudice or ill Deſign, ſeek Occaſion of Blame and Scandal againſt other Perſons, and aggrandize moſt pardonable Infirmities into flagrant Crimes.

Faſt bind, faſt find.

This Proverb teaches, that People being generally baſe and perfiditious, it is a great Point of Prudence to be upon our Guard

Guard againſt Trechery and Impoſitions in all our Dealings and Tranſactions, either by Buying, Selling, Borrowing, or Lending, in order to preſerve a good Underſtanding, and a laſting Friendſhip, among natural Correſpondents.

Good Wine needs no Buſh.

This Proverb intimates, That Virtue is valuable for Itſelf; and that Internal Goodneſs ſtands in need of no External Flouriſhes or Ornaments; and ſo we ſay, A good Face needs no Band,

It is a good Horſe that never Stumbles.

This Proverb intimates to us, that there is no Creature that went upon four Legs, but has made ſome falſe Step or other; and that every Mother's Son of us, who goes upon two, has his Slips, and his Imperfections; that there is no Perſon in the World without his weak Side; and therefore pleads a Pardon for Miſtakes, either in Converſation, or Action, and puts a Check upon intemperate Mockery, or uncharitable Cenſure.

A Fool's Bolt is ſoon ſhot.

The Inſtruction of this Proverb lies in governing the Tongue with Diſcretion and Prudence. 'Tis a Lecture of Deliberation, Courteſy, and Affability in Company, or Fidelity and Secrecy in Affairs. It is alſo a Satire againſt babbling or bluſting out a raſh unlucky Word to the Prejudice of a Perſon; or whatever comes uppermoſt, without any Regard to good Manners or Sobriety.

Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire.

This Proverb is uſually applyed to Perſons, who, impatient under ſome ſmaller Inconveniency, and raſhly endeavouring to extricate themſelves, for want of Prudence and Caution, intangle themſelves, in Difficulties greater than they were in before.

Every Man thinks his own Geeſe Swans.

This Proverb intimates, that an inbread Philauty runs through the whole Race of Fleſh and Blood, and that Self-love is the Mother of Vanity, Pride, and Miſtake. it turns a Man's *Geeſe* into *Swans*, his

Dunghill

Dunghill Poultry into Pheaſants, and his Lambs into Veniſon. It blinds the underſtanding, Perverts the Judgment, deprives the Reaſon of the otherwiſe moſt modeſt Diſtinguiſhers of Truth and Falſity. It makes a man ſo fondly conceited of himſelf, that he prefers his own Art for its Excellency, his own Skill for its Perfection, his own Compoſitions for their Wit, and his own Productions, for their Beauty. It makes even his Vices ſeem to him Virtues, and his Deformaties, Beauties; for ſo every Crow thinks her own Bird faireſt, tho' never ſo Black and ugly.

Jack will never make a Gentleman.

This Proverb teaches, that every one will not make a Gentleman, that is vulgarly called ſo now-a-days. There is more than the bare Name required, to the making him what he ought to be by Birth, Honour, and Merit; for let a Man get never ſo much Money to buy an Eſtate, he cannot purchaſe one Grain of Gentility with it; but will remain *Jack* in the Proverb ſtill, without Learning, Virtue and Wiſdom, to enrich the Faculties of his Mind, to enhance the Glory of his Wealth, and to enoble his Blood; for

put him into what Circumſtance you pleaſe, he will diſcover himſelf one Time or other, in Point of Behaviour, to be of a mean Extract, awkward, ungenteel, and ungenerous, a Gentleman at Second-hand only, or a vain-glorious Upſtart; For, You cannot make a ſilken Purſe of a Sow's Ear.

A Lark is better than a Kite.

This Proverb intimates, that Things are not to be valued by their Bulk, but according to their intrinſick Worth and Value; that a little which is good, is better than a great deal of that which is good for nothing.

Sue a Beggar, and catch a Louſe.

This Proverb is a witty Lampoon upon all indiſcreet and vexatious Law-ſuits, commenced againſt inſolvent People; for what can be more ridiculous than to ſue a Beggar when the Action muſt needs coſt more than he is worth? It puts a Man's Prudence quite out of Queſtion, tho' it puts his Satisfaction of Revenge and Malice quit out of Doubt; for according to another Proverb, What can we have of a Cat but her Skin.

Need

Need makes the old Wife to trot.

This Proverb intimates the great Power of Neceſſity, which does not only make the Young and Luſty go a troting to relieve their Neceſſities, but alſo makes old People, who have one Foot in the Grave, to beſtir their ſtumps. Neceſſity makes the Weak ſtrong, the Decripid active and nimble, the Cripple Walk: It gives Vigour and Life to the moſt languiſhing and feeble Starvling; makes the Lame find his Legs, excites the moſt Obſtinate to lead or drive at the Will and Pleaſure of his Maſter.

Harm watch, harm catch.

This Proverb intimates, that Malice, Spite and Envy, are generally ſelf-Murderers upon the Upſhot; that to intend, ſtudy, or contrive any arm to our Neighbours, is Birdlime all over, and will catch ourſelves at laſt. This, though Perſons are generally apt to forget in the raging of their Anger, or in Inſenſibility, is a trite Adage.

Kiſſing goes by Favour.

This Proverb is a Reflection upon Partiality, where particular Marks of Kindneſs and Bounty are beſtowed on Perſons

who are Favourites, whether they deſerve it or no, while Perſons more meritorious are neglected. But thus it will be where Perſons are led more by Humour than Judgment.

Many Hands makes light Work.

This Proverb is a proper Inducement to animate Perſons to undertake any virtuous Attempt, either for the relief of the Diſtreſſed, the Succour of the Oppreſſed, or the Vindication and Defence of Religion and Property, againſt potent Oppreſſors or Invaders; for that, however difficult and unſurmountable the Attempt may appear to a feeble few, yet an united Force will make it not only practicable, but eaſy too.

The Receiver is as bad as the Thief.

Tho' This Maxim ſeems more cenſorious than the Law, which inflicts only Tranſportation on the Receiver, and Death on the Felon; yet it is true in Fact, becauſe ſuch Perſons are, in their Principles, as diſhoneſt, though they have not Courage to venture their Necks in the Engagement.

FINIS.

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